#### INDIA'S WONDERFUL WIZARDS

They Perform Feats Which Seem Supernatural in Their Nature.

COBRAS FROM NOTHING.

The Basket Trick and the Mango Tree-Chairs Lifted by the Eyelads -- Caste Prejudices of the Hindoos

Indian Juggiers. [Copyrighted 1889 by Frank G. Carpenter.

Bombay, May 18, 1889- | Special correspondence of THE BEE. ]-India is the land of Madame Blavetsky, of Mr. Isanes and of the "Light of Asia." It is here that the esoteric Buddhists look for their instruction and many of the theosophical societies of America have Indian teachers, with whom they correspond and from whom they expect to get some of that wonderful sweetness and light, which is supposed to exist in its purest form in this land of mystical thought. Through them they would learn to aninilate space, to disembody their souls for the moment and send them on serial errands to other parts of the world. They would master that wonderful concentration of soul which enables its possessor to dissolve matter into the elements from which it is made by a word, and by another word "Presto!" to turn it back into the solid or liquid form, from which they decomposed it. One of them, who is now traveling in India and searching for the masters, tells me he has heard of Indian theosophists who, by a wave of the hand, can change a glass of water into the oxygen and hydrogen, of which it is formed, and by the same motion dissolve the glass particles into their original elements. Another wave and the glass containing the water re-appears before your eyes, just as full and in exactly the same condition as it was before. I asked this man whether he had seen such a miracle per formed. He replied "no," and upon further conversation I found that he had as yet seen nothing which could be called supernatural, "I have had several talks with his mas-

week, and I hope there will be no natural law that will prevent it. I will wait in India until I receive it." This was three weeks ago and at last counts the man was waiting yet. I have received several letters from Amer-

ters," said he, "and I nave been told that I

would receive a manifestation. It may come

within a few days and it may not come for a

ica asking me to look into THIS WONDERFUL INDIAN PHILOSOPHY. I have looked, but it may be that I lack faith. I have talked with several of the masters. They are bright, intallectual acrobats, and some of the greater of them are more gross than spirituelle. I have also discussed Madame Blavetsky with the English residents of India, among whom she has lived, and I have yet to find one who thinks her anything else than a very clever fraud. It may be the case of a prophetess being not without honor, save in her own country, but I give you her reputation as I find it here. I am told that an expose has lately been made of her manifestations, and those tricks of hers which she is reported as performing are to me no more wonderful than the jugglery which I see here on the streets every day. Might it not be that her study of Indian philosophy was accompanied with the teaching of Indian jugglers? I know not, but I do know that the street jugglers of these Indian towns could, by mixing mystical philosophy with their sleight-of-hand performances, easily humbug the eyes of that large class of people in America who are ever praying for

some new thing in religion and in psycholog-ical thought. Let me give you a picture of an Indian window as I write. He is performing his tricks in the dusty road without a table, cabinet, patent boxes, or any of the accom-paniments of the American wizard. His cole possessions consist of three small bas-kets, ranging in size from half a peck to a bushel, a couple of cloths and a tripod made of three sticks, each two feet long and held together by a string at the top. Three ittle wooden dolls with red clothes tie long are the gods which enable him to de wonderful things. He has a flute in his mouth and a little drum in his hand. He is black faced and black pearded, and his shirt sleeves are pulled up above his cibows. His only assistant is a little turbaned boy, who sits beside him, whom he will shortly put into a basket not more than two feet square, and with him will perform the noted asket trick of India. The trick is one of the wonderful juggling tricks of the world. The boy's hands are tied and he is put into a net, which is tied over his head and which encloses his whole body so that he appar-ently can not move. He is now crowded into this basket. The lid is put down and tight straps are buckled over it. The juggler ow takes a sword and with a few passes of here little Hindoo doll babies over it and the muttering of incantations as a prelimi nary, thrusts the sword again and again into the basket. There is a crying as though someone was in terrible pain. It is the voice of a child and the sword comes out bloody.

YOU HOLD YOUR BREATH, and did you not know it to be a trick you would feel like pouncing upon the man. After a moment the basket becomes still, the guggler makes a few more passes, unbuckles the straps and shows you that there is noth-ing within it. He calls, "baba! baba!" and in the distance you hear the child's voice. How the boy got out of the basket or escaped being killed by the sword and where the blood came from I do not know. I only

know it was a sleight-of-hand performance and wonderfully well done.

The mango trick is performed with the three sticks in the shape of a tripod. The juggler takes a pot of water and pours it over a little pot of earth. He then holds up a mange bulb about the size of a walnut, and putting this into the earth he throws a cloth over the triped. He now blows upon his over the triped. He now blows upon his horn, makes mysterious passes, and after a few moments raises the cloth, and you see the mango tree sprouting forth from the soil. More passes and more music follow, and the cloth is pulled down again. After a few moments, during which the showing of minor tricks goes on, he pulls out the pot and the plant has grown about a foot above it. There is more watering and more incantation, and his final triumph comes in showing you a bush nearly a yard high, concantation, and his final triumph comes in showing you a bush nearly a yard high, containing great leaves. This he will pull up by the root and show you the seed at the pottom. It is a wonderful trick and how the man is able to manipulate the different plents with nothing else but a thin cotton cloth to help him, which, by the way, he allows you to examine, is hard to conceive. He has a deven other sleight-formed present Allows you to examine, is hard to conceive. He has a dozen other sleight-of-hand performances equally as wonderful. He puts a little shell into his mouth and appears to choice as he draws out coin ofter coin and balls of stone as big around as your fist. He spits fire, as does the American wizard; pulls miles of string from his stomach, sticks pins through his tongue without hurting himself, and ends the performance with ing himself, and ends the performance with a snake trick, which is to me the most won-derful of all.

a snake trick, which is to the the most wonderful of all.

In doing this snake trick he asks for a
piece of paper and asks you to hold out your
hand. You do so and he places the paper
upon it. He then begins to play upon his
pipe and to dart out his eyes as if he saw
something near your hand. His whole
frame becomes transformed and he
dances around you like a wizard, playing
all the time and keeping his eyes on you,
hand. Now he starts back and points at it.
You look and see nothing and he begins to
play louder and dance wilder than ever.
Remember his arms are bare to the cibow
and both of his hands are upon his pipe.
Suddenly he drops the pipe and continues
his dance with incantations. He points to
the paper again and while you look and see the paper again and while you look and see

PULLS UP THREE GREAT CORRAS, which raise their hooded heads and dart out heir fangs in different directions, and quirm and riggle as he holds them up be-fore you. You jump banck, for the hite of the cob ra is deadly, and I am told that the

fangs drawn. A juggler was killed a week ago in Benares by the bite of a cobra, which he was using in this way, and they are the most terrible snakes I have ever seen. At another performance of this same kind I was present with a party of four and we all decided to ascertain, if we could, how this trick was done. I stood upon a chair and overlooked the man as he snatched up the snakes, but I could not tell where they came from, and I only know that he had them, and they were so big that he crowded them with difficulty into a little round basket the size of a peck measure.

These jugglers are wonderful snake

size of a peck measure.

These jugglers are wonderful snake charmers. They make the snakes do as they please, and the snakes they use are of the most deadly kind. I was told by an Englishman at Benares of an incident which happened there a short time ago. A juggler was performing with snakes, and a Hindoo standing by said that the fangs of the snakes had been drawn, and that any man could do the tricks he was doing. The juggler replied that they were not. The Hindoo protested, and in spite of the warnings of could do the tricks he was doing. The jug-gler replied that they were not. The Hindoo protested, and in spite of the warnings of the juggler, seized one of the snakes. It was a cobra, and it sunk its fangs into his arm. A moment later the man dropped to the ground, snying he was poisoned, and in two hours he was dead. I am told that the cobra will not bite unless he is angry and that it is only when he is in this condition that his mouth fills with venom. The jugthat his mouth fills with venom. The jug-glers rely upon this fact, and by petting the cobras make them so decile that they can work with them without great danger. I SAW TWO WOMEN JUGGLERS

at Jeypore. They were bright, intelligent looking girls, one of whom appeared almost old enough to be the mother of the other. They did many wonderful things, one of which was mixing up sand in water and then which was mixing up sand in water and then
putting the hand into the discolored fluid,
they brought a handful of sand, which they
filtered through their fingers as dry as before it went in. The youngest of these girls
was perhaps fifteen. She was tall, wellformed and fine-looking. She had bracelets
on arms and feet, and her eyes were as beautiful as those of a gazelle. One of her tricks
was the lifting of a heavy chair by her eyewas the lifting of a heavy chair by her eye iids, the thought of which almost makes my over sore. The chair was a heavy mahogany one, which belonged to the room in which I was staying. She tied two strong strings to the top of this and affixed the ends of these strings to her eyes by little round metal cups, each about the size of a nickle. These fitted over the eye-balis and under the lids and she bent over while they were so fastened. Raising herself she pulled up the chair with these strings, with the muscles of her eye-lids, and carried it from one side of the room to the other. It was a horrible sight, and as she took the metal cup from her eyes they filled with water and she al-most sank to the floor. I told her that the trick was disgusting and that she ought never to try it again. Still, for this and the never to try it again. Still, for this and the rest of the shows these girls were well satis-fied with two rupies or about seventy cents. These women jugglers come from Jeypore and they are a fair type of the girls of west ern India. I am surprised at the variety of races you find herea in Indi and there are more people in Hindostan than in all Europe. The costumes of the women differ in different provinces and in the Andaman Islands in

the Bay of Bengal, where the great prisons of the English are located, the native women are clad in fig leaves and a bustle of wicker. These people have only names for common gender, which are applicable to either sex and they use a noise like crying to express friendship or joy. Some of the hill tribes of India look very much like negroes, and there are in India tribes which are little more than savages. In central India only seventeen years ago there was a tribe of about ten thousand whose women wore no clothes. The sole covering of the females consisted of a few beads around the waist with a bunch of leaves tied before and behind, and they were clothed finally by the order of the English government. An English officer gave strips of cotton to the women and they put them on. Since then many of them have gone back to their beads and leaves. On the slopes of the Himalayas there are many curious tribes. Some of the tribes near Darjeeling reckon a journey by the number of quids of tobacco which they chew upon the way, and some of the most gorgeous specimens of Hindoo jewelry have seen I saw on the women of the Hima layas. I remember one mountain pink who had fifty rupees strung around her neck and whose limbs were loaded down with silyer. She had gold plates twice the diameter of a silver dollar upon her ears and her mouth was covered by a flat, gold nose ring. Some

ONE WIFE TO FOUR MEN and polyandry is common. Here at Bombay are the prettiest women of India. They are the parsecs. With delicate, olive-brown skins, they are tall and well shaped, have beautiful eyes and fine, intellectual faces. They dress in silks of the most delicate colors and the dress seems to consist of one large piece of silk, which is wound around the waist and carried up over the body to the top of the head so that the face looks our and the whole hangs in a beautiful drapery. Many of them, I note have silk stockings and slippers to match the color of their dress, and they are the brightest and prettiest women I have seen. The parsees are sun wershipers. There are only abou seventy thousand of them in India, and fifty thousand of these are here in Bombay. The thousand of these are here in Bombay. The men dress in long, preacher-like clothes of black, with hats snaped like coal scuttles and they are very fine looking. Their dress, when not in business, is often of the whitest of linen coats and shirts. They are the best business men in the world. They own millions of dollars worth of property here in Bombay and are largely interested in the trade of India. They are more akin to the Christains than the Hindoos in their methods of living. They believe in spending their of living. They believe in spending their money, dwell in good houses and drive about in fine carriages. They are charitable as well as rich and some of the finest of the public buildings of Bombay have been built by them. They are of Persian descent and have temples in which burns the sacred fire

of Zoroaster. Speaking of Bombay and business, one of the most prosperous institutions of the city is its tramway, managed by two Americans who are, I think, from Boston. Their names are Clark and Kittridge and they have an excellent property. Bombay is now over a million in population, and there street cars, on the same plan as those of America, are driven by turbaned Mohammedans and the fares are collected by dark-skinned Hindoos All races ride on them, and the natives of India patronize them by the thousands daily. Looking at them, it is a wonder to see that some means of cheap locomotion has not been introduced into the cities of China. It is true that many of the streets of some citation and the comments of the streets of some citation are to marrow for street care but these parts of the streets of some citation are to marrow for street care but these streets. ies are too narrow for street cars, but those of Peking are wide and the street travel there is the worst in the world.

There are very few Americans in business in India. Here in Bombay, which is the biggest city of the country, there is only one firm of American merchants, Farnham & Co., and the other Americans are chiefly missionaries. The Waterbury watch and the Singer sewing machine have Bombay agencies, but these are managed by the English, and I am told that the New York Life Insurance company has also an agency here. A Chicago firm is preparing to come to India to build elevators over the country for the storage of the immense wheat yield, which is row at the mercy of the worther. which is now at the mercy of the weather and which has none of the conveniences of shipment of our American wheat. I find

AMERICAN PATENT MEDICINES in every drug store, and I see that Harper's Magazine is for sale in the Bombay book

At all the railroad stations there are news At all the railroad stations there are news-stands, and the most popular selling books furnished by these are cheap, pirated editions of American authors. I nought Lew Wal-iace's "Fair God," yesterday, for fitteen cents, and "Ben Hur" is sold for the sama price. There is an English edition of Anni-Katharine Green's Leavenworth case as twelve cents a copy, and the works of Uncle Remus are for sale in paper covers. All of Bret Harte's books are pirated by the Eng-lish, and Mark Twaiu's books are sold here for a song. You can get Longfellow's poems for a dime, and Emerson's essays are sold in cloth for twenty cents a copy. Frances Hodgeson Burnett's novels are also sold at one-fifteenth the price they bring in America, and the lack of an international copyright law works against the profits of our writers as it does against those of the Eng-

I had a curious illustration of the prejudices of the Hindoos in regard to caste this afternoon. The native sweet-meats of India are by no means by eating, and had stopped before an itinerant sweet-mea merchant and was bargaining with him for some candy. As I did so I happened to touch some of the stock on his basket-like table, and he begged me to be careful as the Hindoos would not buy anything a loreigner happened to touch. Nearly every Hindoo cooks for himself while travoling, as he

would lose caste if he ate anything cooked by a man of a different caste from himself, and on some of the boats I saw Indian rajahs, who ate nothing from the beginning to the end of a voyage on this account. In the jails of India, which are managed by the English, the cook is always a Brahmin or of the highest of the Hindoo castes. The lower castes will eat after his cooking and are not thus defined. If a cook was chosen of a lower caste many of them would starve ra her than eat. I am told that prisoners have been flogged and

HAVE STARVED TO DEATH rather than eat from the nands of a man of

a lower caste. thing in India. It forces the foreigner to keep a dozen servants to do the work of the household, and I am told that it is almost imhousehold, and I am told that it is almost impossible for a family to get along with less than thirteen servants. I met last week an English preacher, who had an income of \$1,500 a year, and he told me it was absolutely impossible for him to live in India without thirteen servants. Said he: "They are paid but low wages, but there are so many of them that the sum total is large. You have to have a man for everything you want done to have a man for everything you want done and he will do nothing else but that one thing. The man who washes the dishes will not make up the beds, and the cook will not attend to the washing of the dishes. If you keep horses you must have a groom for every horse, and for every two horses you have to keep a man to cut grass for them. The woman servent who waits upon your wife does not consider it her business to wait upon you, and the servants who do the other work about the house expect you to have a body servant to do your own errands. If you ask a man to do anything out of his regular business, he says it is contrary to his caste and you then know that you have to submit. There are hundreds of castes in India. They are based on religious differences, on trade arrange ments and social distinctions. There is a caste of barbers, of beggars, of thieves and water carriers. There are the Brahmins, the Sudras, the cow-skinners, the corpse-bearers and dozens of others, divided and sub-divided until only the Hindoo can teil you their numbers and differences."

FHANK G. CARPENTER.

Vespers. Ellen Burroughs. The robins call me sweet and shrill: 'Come out and fare affeld; The sun ras neared the western hill,

The shadows slip down sure and still, But in our meadow wide and wet There's half an hour of sunset yet; Come down, come down!" Who would not yield! Across the road and through the lane

Where buttercups grow tall and bright, With daisies washed in last night's raiu— Beyond the open bars I gain An angle of the rude rail fence, A perfect coigne of vantage, whence Wheat field and pasture stretch

The cows, with stumbling tread and slow, One after one come straggling by, And many a yellow head falls low, And many a daisy's scattered snow, Where the unheeding footsteps pass, Is crushed and blackened in the grass

With brier and rue that trampled lie Sweet sounds with sweeter blend and striv In its white prime of blossoming Each wayside perrybush, alive With myriad bees, hums like a nive; The frogs are loud in ditch and pool, And songs unlearned of court or

June's troubadours all around me sing omewhere beneath the meadow's vail The pewee's brooding notes begin: The sparrows chirp from rail to rail: bove the bickeringswallows sail, Or skim the green harr-tusseled wheat

A cricket tunes its mandolin High-perched, a master minstrel proud The red-winged blackbird pipes and calls, One moment jubilant and loud, The next, to sudden silence vowed, Seeks cover in the marsh below, Soft winds along the rushes blow,

Ladies are greatly benefitted by the use of Angestura Bitters, the south American tonic of Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons. Ask your druggist.

And like a whisper twilight falls

### BONEY FOR THE LADIES.

istone jewelry is in high vogue. Elaboration and simplicity are carried to extremes in fashionable goweing this season. The dressmakers who are busy with pretty suits of every description for out-door wear, are giving unusual attention to the skirts of empire gowns, shaping, draping and hanging them with great care.

There is a great display of individual fancy in the matter of sieeves this season, Each modiste claims a number of artistic models as her own-therefore the great va

Although there is literally no end to the variety of beautiful summer dress fabrics, and, although having many very lovely rivals in the field, the beauty and deficacy of lacstill keeps it in the height of fachionable

Princesse dresses of "oyster-sheil" white satin are favorite gowns with wealthy down-gers. These are draped with crepe de Chine, also in oyster-shell white, which new shade has a gleaming silvery gray tint with no cream whatever in its reflections.

Very ladylike and dainty costumes for summer are shown, made of a handsome quality of Benguine or surab, figured with small devices over grounds of gray, amber, terracotta, strawberry, reseda, pale olive

Great ingenuity is displayed in forming dreat ingenuity is displayed in forming the picturesque hat of green and brown rushes. As they are shaped "by guess." no two are just slike. No wire foundation is used in their constructly a, so they are turned and bent at will.

The rew fancy straw head coverings show all sorts of fancy designs. In many of the bonnets and round hats they are arranged in what is known as "row and row" hese showing very chic and pretty effects in color and device.

Flower toilets are very popular abroad. poppy is illustrated by one just brought over. The top of the skirt, and the whole of the front, is covered with very large popp petals, simulated in pleated crinckled red silk of the exact tint of the flower. The full back is of poppy colored tulie. A rose gown is very levely, showing a combination of res

Mrs. Alma-Tadema, it is said, took the palm at the recent drawing room in the art and science of the devising of a really novel and beautiful court gown. Her dress was a golden color, with empire feature, the petti-coat of white crepe de Chine, embroidered most exquisitively. Instead of the usual jewelled ornaments she wore a beautiful necklace of fine gold, many yards in length, wound round and round her fair, stately

The neat French twist with three-eights The neat French twist with three eights coiled about it is still seen in fashionable hair dressing. The style proved too graceful and becoming to be abandoned. The Catogan braid is not dressy nor is it complimentary to many faces, and the attempt to brush the hair directly off the forehead was not a fashionable success, for the reason that is true that so trying a civil is an expression. fashionable success, for the reason that is rare that so trying a style is an improvement. Soft rings of hair falling over the brow, waves, curly bangs falling naturally, and fluffy halos all adorn the crown of the head. The "best style," we still insist, in hair-dressing, to adopt and to cling to, in spite of the caprices of the hair-dresser, is the one best suited to your own features, and not those of the president's wife or of your those of the president's wife or of your young neighbor.

Nearly all the bouquets carried this seaso are in loose clusters and sprays most artistic ally arranged. Among the popular floral combinations are white carnations with mignonette, a delight to two senses. Another fragrant union is that of honoysuckie with lemon verbena, and no less delicaous is the muglicy of helicators with Glorade. the mugling of heliotrope with Gloire de Dijon and Marechal Niel roses. Gold and blac orchids with green foliage form a lovely and expensive bouquet; these tied with reseda ribbons, Brown orchids, with fine pink and green leaves surrounding them, are tied with pale-yellow satin ribbons, and large yellow roses with buds and maidenhair fern have long loops and streamers of moss-green moire ribbon. Debutantes nearly all carry pure white blossoms, and their evening dresses in many cases are a mass of white roses and leaves.

Children who are troubled with worms may be quickly relieved by giving ithem Dr. J. H. McLeau's Liquid Vermifuge. It kills and expels worms. haired, kindly employer, and every-

## THE LOVES OF GREAT MEN

All Remind us We May Make Our Loves Sublime.

HOW WHITNEY WON HIS BRIDE.

He Was so Well Pleased With His Friend's Sweetheart That he Took Her Himself-Cupid Among Notables.

Whitney's Wily Ways. The wife of Hon. William C. Whitney, recently secretary of the navy, has proved a veritable mascot to him. And the manner in which he became a close ally of Standard Oil is indicative of the good fortune which has attended this astute politician and financier throughout his career.

When young Whitney was at Yale he had a chum in a confiding classmate, who is now Rev. Leander Chamberlain, a brother of ex-Governor Daniel H. Chamberlain.

Young Chamberlain, so the story goes, had won the heart of Miss Payne, daughter of Henry B. Payne, of Cleveland, Ohio, and he gave his classmate glowing accounts of the charm of manner, conversational powers and other good qualifications of the lady to young Whitney. On one of his vacations young Chamberlain invited his chum to go to Cleveland with him and make the acquaintance of Miss Payne.

The future corporation counsel and secretary of the navy accepted the invitation; he made the lady's acquaintance and managed so skillfully to be stricken by Cupid's olenginous bow that ere many moons had passed young Chamberlain's friend, chum and bosom companion walked away with the fair prize.

Owing to the devotion of Colonel Oliver Payne to his sister, she has proved a boon to Mr. Whitney, and the splendid house on Fifty-seventh street and Fifth avenue, and a large gift, said to be \$500,000, when the secretary and his wife set out to startle Washington with magnificent entertainments, are generally set down among the good things which young Whitney's chum lost through that confiding introduction.

A romantic story is told about the first meeting of August Belmont with the lady who is now his wife. As be-Commodore Perry, "the hero of Lake Erie," while still a blooming Baltimore belle, had an intense admiration for personal courage.

It was while she was on a visit to some relatives in this city that the active and sturdy young German banker, who had at once taken the place in metropolitan society; due the representative of the powerful house of Rothschild, became involved in a famous duel.

At the theater one evening he was among a group of young men, and between the acts one of the party expressed his admiration of the beauty of the ladies present in the boxes, among whom was Miss Perry. A noted Georgia "fire-enter" standing by, who was widely feared and avoided as a bully and a dead shot, made some remark reflecting on the virtue of women generally.

There was sflence for a moment, when young Belmout, a slight, timid-looking fellow, to the dismay of his companions, faced the bully and said in distinct, deiberate tones:

"The dog who could utter such a sentiment insults the memory of his own mother and is unfit for the company of

decent men! White with rage, the bully hissed: You shall hear from me, sirl It was before the war in the good old times, and a duel followed, of course.

Belmont's friends gave him up as a dend man. But when the smoke from the simultaneous fire of the two pistols had cleared away it was found that the bully had a bullet through his heart and Belmont had a ball in his left leg below the knee. He became the hero of the hour, and

soon after he was able to get about he proposed to the beautiful Miss Perry and was accepted. He afterward confessed it was her noble face that nerved him to resent the imputation on her sex. To this day he limps painfully, but his wife is proud of his distigure-

The story of George Gould's courtship of Miss Edith Kingdon is known in some of its main features, and yet there are phases of it of a lively interest in them-selves and yet not so fully displayed to the outside world.

A well known actor who traveled with Miss Kingdon when she was on the road in the west previous to her engagement by Augustine Daly recently entertained few friends with a recital of what he termed the true story of the affair.

According to this narrative, young Mr. Gould first see eye on Miss Kingdon over the footlights at Daly's theatre. She was playing a dashing part, in which her natural bouyancy, nerve and chic had full play, and these made a deep impression on the young financier. He determined to have an introduction. He sought it through a well known dramatic manager and dealer in plays, and by him the desired event was brought about. The admiration proved mutual and the devotion pronounced on either side.

There was one obstacle in the way of unalleyed happiness during the engage-ment that followed. And that was Miss Kingdon's mother. The lady is the shrewdest kind of a woman, and the story told of her generally is that she kept a regular major-domo eye on ber daughter throughout her career upon the stage. She always chaperoned Miss Edith, and always found it convenient to join her daughter whenever she received callers, especially male ones.

The consequence was that young Mr. Gould longed for a short engagement and a swift marriage. How he succeeded in gratifying his desires in that line is now a matter of history. He makes a devoted husband, and she a devoted wife. They have two children.

There was a touch, of romance in the wooing and wedgen of Major William A. Pond, the concent and lecture manager. No stranger who sees the gallant major strolling along Broadway with a pretty, delicate looking young lady on his arm would imagine that he as accompanied by Mrs- Pond. They might think his charming companion was a daughter or neice, or related to him in any way other than marriage.

Mrs. Pond, before her marriage, was a typewriter in the mayor's office under the Everett house. The manager was struck with her rare beauty and modest demeanor the day she answered his advertisement for a typewriter, and these qualities impressed him more and more forcible each week that she remained in his employ. He began to love the blithesome girl, who dispelled the duliness of a musty office, and made the weary hours of labor brighter than they ever were before. \* She, too, gradually became attached to the graything was ripe for the last touch of Cu-pid's wand, when a sad accident befell the young lady.

While hurrying to the office along

Fourth avenue one day she passed un-der a line of telegraph poles, where some work was going on. A lineman lost his balance and fell upon her, crushing her to the sidewalk and se-verely injuring her. The young lady was hurriedly carried into a drug store next to Mr. Pond's office, and was afterwards conveyed home. She didn't lack for attention. Besides the care of kindly parents, she was carefully watched over by the major. His anx-iety for her welfare betrayed his secret, if it had not already been betrayed be-fore.

It was shortly after this incident that they became engaged. After this the courtship was not long. One day, as away from his office without telling his friends where he was going, and, after arraying himself in wedding costume, was driven to the home of his bride's parents in Hoboken, where he was quietly married.

As a young man Grover Cleveland was extremely fond of children. In the bachelor apartments over his law offices in Buffalo the walls were covered with photographs of bright and beautiful babes. He was particularly interested in the pretty little daughter of his part-ner and closest friend, Oscar Foisom, and it is said that a portrait of the lovely child at five years old, arrayed in a white dress with a big blue sash, he.d the place of honor in his collection . When Oscar Folsom died he made Cleveland co-trustee with Mrs. Folsom

education of the girl with the tenderest solicitude. As the child grew to womanhood the bonds of affection drew the girl and her guardian closer, and finally strengthened into the bonds of love.

of their only child, and true to his trust,

Cleveland watched over the rearing and

An old schoolmate of Mrs. Cleveland tells the tale of Cleveland's proposal. When little Frances was eight years old she was sitting on "Uncle Grover" one day entertaining him with childish prattle of what she should do when she grew up into "a big lady." It was about the time of Nellie Grant's marriage in the white house, which had formed a topic of family talk.

"I'm going to have a nice white satin dress and get married in the white house, too," she lisped.

"But I thought you were going to marry me, and I should wait for you," laughingly returned Mr. Cleveland. "Of course it will be you, for you will grow up to be president then," said the child, knowingly.
When Cleveland was elected Mrs.

Folsom and her daughter were preparing to go to Europe, and on calling to say good-bye Mr. Cleveland claimed from Miss Folsom the fulfilment, on her return, of the promise made when a child. He had performed his part of the bargain, and she had only to fulfil hers and become a white house bride.



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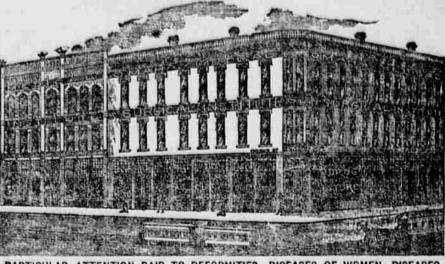
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